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watch me. Bobby: you must not pl
ball in the parlor!"
"Why mustn't I?"
"Because I say so."
"Freddy Gibbs plays ball in his pa
lor."
"That doesn't—"
"And his folks don't lick him, an
he's got a good home—boo-o-o—ah"
parents is kind—boo-hoo-wow!"
"Bobby!"
"Boo-hoo-wow-ee-wo!"
"Bobby! Come here, Bobby. New
mind; there's a good boy. You ca
play, Bobby."
"Boo-hoo! Will you gimme a quar

Bobby a twenty-five-cent piece and changed the subject, ignoring a happy smile which played over Mrs. McMat's features.—Chicago Record.

Saving Money.

Mrs. Swiftly—I'm making all my hair myself to save money.

Mr. Swiftly (much pleased)—Indeed?

Mrs. Swiftly—Yes; this one I got for only cost me twenty-five cents.

Mr. Swiftly—Well, I declare!

Mrs. Swiftly—And I put all the trimming on myself.

Mr. Swiftly—Where did you get the trimmings?

Humor's Decay.
Minstrel End Man (to professional literary humorist)—I say, old fellow—now, really, is there any money in writing jokes for the comic papers?
Humorist—Certainly. Why, I can live a whole week on about forty jokes.
End Man—Slavery, sir: positive slavery! Why in the palm days of minstrelsy I could start in at the beginning of the season with one joke and live on it for forty weeks.—Puck.

Tramp—Can't you give me something to eat, ma'am?
Kind Woman—Yes, here is a piece of homemade mince pie.
Tramp—I asked for food, madam, and not work.—Truth.

Her Preference.
Aunt Alice—Here is a cake full of

like the best, M40617
Mabel—"The part that is put on me
plate.—Harper's Young People.

Her Hailing Passion.
Husband (listening)—I think there
is a burglar in the house.
Wife (excitedly)—Mercy me; is m
nightcap on straight?—Answers.

Good Piece to Know.
He—Do you play Gottschalk's "Las
Hope"? It just carries me away.
She—Yes. I'll play it for you.
Brooklyn Life.

The Latest Creation.

Mrs. Jones—Nine cents is a big price for that fish. The fish dealer must be getting rich.

Bridget—Yes, mum, all his profits are net profits.—Texas Siftings.

More Force of Habit.

Judge Cowing—You are charged with having knocked your wife down with a club, and then kicked her. Do you know of any mitigating circumstance?

"Well, yes, your honor. You see that's the way I always do when any body annoys me."—Texas Siftings.

Such methods are unwise:
Some fellow with more diligence
May carry off your prize.
To be a winner brave and strong,
In life's temptations never wrong,
Embrace your opportunities—
Likewise embrace your girl.
—Kansas City Journal.

Taking a Broad View.

"No, Johnny, I can't buy any candy for you. It's bad for the teeth."
(After some moments of profound thought)—"Mamma, what would the dentists do for a livin' if every family was run like ours isn't?—Chicago Tribune.

Brace—In what respect?
Hayley—He never passes a beggar that he doesn't borrow a dime from me to give to him.—*Brooklyn Life.*

The Same Boy.
Proud Papa (playfully)—Whose little boy are you?
Little Johnny (seriously)—I'm your little boy, but I has been washed.—*Food News.*

Didn't Work.
Caller—What's all that howling upstairs?
Mrs. Boardman—That faith-cure doctor has the toothache.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Eastern Girl—We have the cradle that my grandfather was rocked in.
Western Girl—We have the boots that my grandfather died in.—Life.

A Cunch
Hotel Manager—You don't stir from this hotel until you have paid up.
M.ONEY LESS—Just put that in writing, and I'll stay here for the remainder of my days.—Truth.

An Outward and Visible Sign
Perdita—Has young Dr. Pellet just started in practice?
Penelope—Just about; there goes a horse.—Truth.

